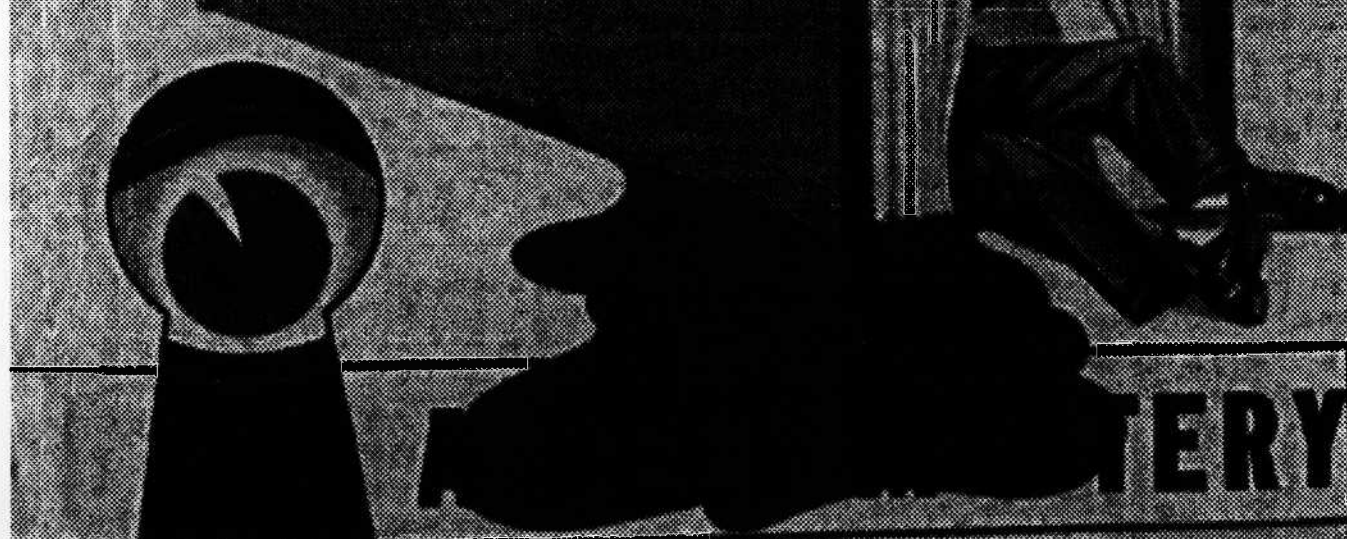


BASTARD PUBLISHING PRESENTS

# The Omen

*Tales of  
Romance,  
Revenge and  
Remorse*



**MYSTERY**

# THE OMEN

Volume 4, Number 9  
No-friggin'-vember 18, 1994

## \*\*\*EDITORS\*\*\*

Jonathan Land.....Managing Editor  
Ben Sanders.....Production Editor  
David Wilcox.....Graphics Editor  
Scarlette Hook.....Entertainment Editor  
Deniz Ellberger.....Music Editor  
Stephanie Cole.....Section Hate Editor  
Aaron Mulvany.....Sensitivity Editor

## \*\*\*Contributors\*\*\*

Dario Sabatini,  
Matthew Flaming,  
Josh Brassard,  
Evan Tallas,  
Hedda Kniess and  
Lauren Ryder

# "Yo Chuck! They must be on the pipe, right?" -Flavor Flav CONTENTS

Page 3.....Jon examines  
your priorities  
Page 4.....Phys Plant  
moves to unionize  
Page 6.....Section Hate  
Page 7.....Limboland takes  
on politics and Phys Plant  
Page 8.....Dario is pissed off

Page 9.....An Ad, and more  
from Dario  
Page 10.....Thoughts After  
Midnight, and an Ad  
Page 11.....Deniz and  
Friends begin...  
Page 13.....Morry Stein 1936-94  
Page 14.....Devo, a Correction

## Policy Box!

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to stand by whatever you said. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not okay in the forum and will not be printed.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (our news, our opinions, our artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527) or Dave Wilcox (Mod 56, take a walk to Enfield, you bastards, box 865). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY macintosh), although hard copy (on paper) is okay too. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 250 times. What better way to be heard?



## Where Are Your Priorities?

It's really funny what goes through your minds when you find out just how hypocritical people really are. For instance: People on this campus have been bitching and moaning about their pets, and their group being persecuted, and other petty crap like that for years around here while under their ignorant little noses, the Physical Plant here has (more or less) had their human rights violated. That's right kids, it happens here at Camp Hamp. Of course no one from Phys. Plant has been tortured by Greg Prince, and then hung upside-down in a dungeon with sharp spike beneath them, but on a basic level, it's happening.

Hey, remember that time you puked in the sink? Who cleaned it up? Phys. Plant. Hey, wait, where did all that toilet paper come from? Phys. Plant. Hey, who plows all the snow in winter? Oh, that's right, Phys. Plant. Who got the sheep shit out of your rug? It wasn't Financial Aid, I'll tell you that. I could go on and on listing all the functions Phys. Plant performs around here, but life's too short. Instead I'll ask you to use your acid-laden brain for once to think about all the little things in your day to day Hampshire lives that Phys. Plant makes easier. That's right, Corky, that would be a long list.

O.K. so they have to deal

with our crap, how does that violate their human rights? Well, that's not all they have to deal with. Do you ever feel like you're being kicked around by this school? Well, at least they want your cash. What if you worked here? If Hampshire pays you money, tell me 1) why can't they make you do whatever the hell they want, and 2) why aren't you expendable? In the two seconds it should take you to think about this, you should realize that Hampshire can make the staff do what they want, and they are expendable.

Now I bet you're thinking, "No way, man, don't they have, like, contracts, man?" Good guess, but no. This is why Phys. Plant wants a union. Hampshire's Phys. Plant is the only one in the Five Colleges that isn't unionized. "So, what does that mean?" That means that they have no job security what-so-ever. For instance, let's say that you worked for Phys. Plant, and on a Friday afternoon at four o'clock, your supervisor asked you to come to work on Saturday. Sure you can say "no", but there is no legal reason explaining why they can't fire you for it.

Also, not having a job description in a contract leads to similar abuse. Put in plain terms, if you don't have a written explanation of the functions of your job, then they can 1) make your job entail any

function they want, and 2) fire you for not performing these "extra functions" because then you are "not doing your job". Get it?

So Hampshire is doing everything they can to thwart Phys. Plant from getting a union. "Why?" So they can have slave-like employees doing work for the school cheaply so they can save money. Got it?

Good.

Hampshire even removed Sheila Moos from her position as head of Phys. Plant because the upper echelon knew how much they hated her. A nice try but it seems fairly apparent that they tried to throw over some excess weight so the boat won't sink. Hopefully this won't sucker the people of Phys. Plant into cutting a deal.

In this issue of The Omen, you'll find many facts, and opinions pertaining to Phys. Plant. Hopefully it might make you do something about the situation. "But what can I do?" Talk to the custodian that cleans your hall, or the groundskeeper that rakes the leaves, they'll tell you how you can help them, unless if you're too busy with the planning of another HeMP rally. Thank you, and see you next week.

Jonathan Land  
Managing Editor  
The Hampshire Omen





## You Gotta Fight for Your Right...

Unlike most of the silliness that people argue about at this college, the eminent unionization of the Physical Plant workers is an issue that merits student action. The blue-collar workers employed by our expensive, yet financially screwed up school have found that over the past few years their working environment has become so intolerable that they have to take matters into their overworked hands.

The school has shown resistance to their actions from the beginning, and has made it clear that they will drag this thing out as long as they can in order to discourage their efforts. They have refused to recognize the secret ballot election held on Tuesday November 8th, that showed 22 for the union and 0 against out of the 27 workers.

One result of this recent conflict was the replacement of Physical Plant Director Sheila Moos, with Marriott's Larry Archey. Although his placement as Director is temporary, Archey is a candidate for the permanent position. Opinions on the temporary placement differ among the workers. One expressed that Archey is more of a "people person" than Moos and thinks that he will be more likely to accept input from workers. Another worries that

since he has no experience in maintenance, and will be working along with the same people in the office, the inefficiency that plagues the department will continue.

Although the replacement of Moos may at first seem to be a step in the right direction, Hampshire is following one of the most classic examples of anti-union action. According to David Cohen, representative of the United Electrical Workers, it is customary for a company to lay blame for all the problems on one boss and fire them. This restores morale and gives the workers hope that conditions will improve. Unfortunately, since the power structure remains the same, it leaves room for the same abuses to reemerge.

If the school does not succeed in discouraging Physical Plant from unionizing, they will have to go before the National Labor board in Boston. David Cohen will represent Physical Plant while Hampshire's case will be presented by Ralph Abbot, a well known union breaking attorney.

Administration sends out "sympathetic" letters from their office, hires a high-priced lawyer and hopes the whole thing blows over (Remember, we're paying for all this). While our Phys. Plant guys,

on their own time, have been having meetings and compiling a list of reasons why their job was made more difficult and frustrating.

The major complaints by Physical Plant are listed below, none of which are unreasonable demands. The fact that a couple of the demands are things that the college should be following just to be in accordance with the state and federal laws give a hint of the disregard the school has for its employees.

There are a lot of stories that demonstrate what has been going on here, many of which can not be printed in order to protect the sources. But don't let that stop you from finding out what is going on around here. Talk to your Phys. Plant guy, you be surprised, and probably a bit repulsed at what you hear.

### Hampshire College Physical Plant Employee Concerns

We, the employees of the Hampshire College Physical Plant, demand recognition of our union. The union will enable us to formulate a contract, defining those issues we feel to be most important to our work. This is not a drastic action,

*Continued on next page*

## ...to Unionize! (At Hampshire, Anyway)

rather it is action taken in the best interests of the college as it will unify the Physical Plant and allow the employees to provide quality services. The following is a list of the issues that we believe need immediate attention in order to ensure the smooth operation of the Physical Plant and to protect the health, safety and welfare of its workers:

1. We demand the creation of a more receptive environment where suggestions for improvements in the overall maintenance of the college will be respectfully considered by management. Management need not feel threatened by new ideas, on the contrary, it should fully utilize the combined talents of its work force.

2. We demand equitable wages for all areas of Physical Plant because unfair and/or arbitrary differences in wages create divisions among workers which affect morale and work production. Inequalities now exist not only among the various departments of the Physical Plant, but also within each department.

3. We demand a thorough review of job descriptions so workers will clearly know the boundaries of their duties. Workloads have increased dramatically without a corresponding increase in compensation; this has contributed to the decline in morale at the Physical Plant.

4. We demand that the college discontinue the policy of hir-

ing temporary workers at the Physical Plant.

5. We demand the creation of a grievance procedure that conforms to the principles of due process.

6. We demand the elimination of "volunteer" work projects that occur during the working day and where only the Physical Plant employees are asked to "volunteer." Campus wide volunteer efforts such as Spring Cleanup, are important examples of community involvement. However, the "volunteer" projects assigned to Physical Plant alone are little more than loyalty checks and a misuse of the work force.

7. We demand relief from the frustration we now encounter in obtaining the supplies we need to deliver out services to the college.

8. We demand the right to refuse to be a party to the violation of state and federal regulations, as well as the right to report violations to management without fear of reprisal or recrimination.

9. We demand that any overtime or special work projects be offered first to Physical Plant employees prior to being offered to subcontractors, Physical Plant employees should not be used to complete the project left unfinished by those subcontractors, as has been the practice.

10. We demand that the college comply with federal law with respect to the American with Dis-

abilities Act (ADA).

11. We demand that the pace of the work be a reasonable one and that the workers not be forced into "rush" jobs due to poor planning by management. The likelihood of injury increases and the quality of work necessarily decreases where the workers are directed to do a project at the last minute and without proper preparation. While we recognize that emergencies will occur at times, requiring a more rapid pace of work, we also recognize that some "emergencies" are created to get more production out of the work force.

12. We demand that a reasonable policy for time off be developed with worker input. The decision to grant time off should be based not only on the needs of the college but also on the needs of the workers.

13. We demand that right to be active participants in the formation and implementation of policies that affect our work environment and job performance.

October, 1994

There is currently a petition circulating that will go to the administration showing student support for our Physical Plant workers. If you want to tell administration that they should not and can not continue to treat people this way, sign it.

-Lauren Ryder



# SECTION HATE

## Where's My Bunny-Lumpkins?

Well, it's always a struggle when pragmatism gets into the ring with moralist absolutism. First and foremost, I would like to say that nothing in this editorial is meant to dismiss or belittle the pain and suffering endured by the victims of rape and sexual assault. Such an intent would not only be invidious, it would also most certainly detract from the strength of my opinions. The survivors of rape in this community are linked by an empathy that only they can share.

But I do not feel that only those who have been raped, or are closely associated with such victim/survivors, are individuals exclusively qualified to speak out on such an issue. The violence in our society is everyone's concern and problem—an affliction that, statistically speaking, we will all come into personal contact with, sometime in our lives. Rape is an issue for all men, all women, and all ages. And the more people who enter into the dialogue, be they survivors, perpetrators, or the lucky fools in between, the better.

It's time for my two cents. I just hope that paying it doesn't put me in the red.

Behold the cast of characters last Friday night, 7:15, FPH, nice chilly atmosphere and pretty cold outside, too. We have: 1) The candle-handling protesters, swathed in much purple, and cloaked in, as one man put it "Outrage." 2) The milling Film/Photo students, mostly dressed in black, some leather, and sporting that special "This is ridiculous" expression that finds its way onto the faces of most people caught in the midst of chaos. 3) The Media, me and a few sundry others, gathering quotes, trying to piece things together, and not unmindful of the ethical critique our occupation was undergoing during this entire process. 4) Sundry professors, trying to look calm. 5) Derrick Elmes, who doesn't need to try to look calm, 'cause there's nothing he can't handle. 6) One Film-maker, bemused, amused, and pissed, circulating a paper entitled "My Defense",

and hating every minute of what you could visibly discern he was calling "bullshit".

The protest gradually drifted into being. I was there at 7:00, which was early for the 7:15 proceedings. But then, the Media is usually over-zealous about such things. What was odd about the protest was that everybody else *showed up early/on time, too. In direct contrast to the HEMP rally, these people knew what time it was. Heck, maybe their watches were even set early. All I know is, ya gotta get up 1/2 and hour before you go to bed to beat a prompt victim survivor vigilante protestor to their protest. This is what comes of allying with a passionate issue.*

Unfortunately for the Purple-clad protestors, their perceived "opposition" was fairly passionate, as well. Photo people generally consider (as far as I can ascertain) themselves artists, and artists are definately pretty high up on the taking-self-seriously scale. The air was filled with rancor and the acrid odor of ego.

Picture this: One group taking back their voice, the other group imagining themselves the voice of a generation. Pretty confusing, huh?

Anyway, I tooled around the sidelines and asked questions. I watched the film, which was a good film that had some excellent bits regarding the explosion of GI Joe dolls in it. And I watched the Q&A session afterwards (for a good description of this, catch Amy Roe's article in the Phoenix—I gave her some quotes.).

After all that observation, I sat and thought. Not for very long, but I gave the matter a good chunk of my time, considering the fact that I'm a reactionary and used to formulating snap opinions. And these were my conclusions:

1) The debate that ensued after the movie should never have happened, because it took place in an unregulated atmosphere that only provided for name-calling, disrespect, and disparate epistemology. Nothing was resolved by the ugly exchanges that took place between the protestors and

Danny Lyon, and only harm was done. The idea that seemed to be circulating, a notion that Lyon would be "shirking" if he didn't answer the challenges of the protestors, was/is ridiculous. The very act of trying to contrive that dialogue in such a situation was irresponsible.

2) Certain protestors, no matter what the circumstances that brought them there that night might have been, behaved with outrageous disrespect towards their perceived "enemy" the "rapist." Anyone with a decent understanding of rhetoric know that disrespect will only buy you disrespect in return—and that is a best case scenario. Worst case, you discredit your argument and make your opponent look better. Fortunately for one rude protestor, Lyon broke down, stooping to her level and calling her a "little girl" in response to her goading. It was ugly, undisciplined.

I do not accept any counter-argument suggesting that the passions aroused by rape overwhelm the need for it to be addressed in a rational context. Anyone with a shred of real concern for the issue, outside of their personal ownership of it, will accord any dialogue surrounding the issue the respect it deserves. Anger is a powerful argumentative tool, but only if applied artfully. The reality of the situation—that rape is an issue painfully in need of a societal remedy—should supercede any personal involvement with it at the public level. Certain members of that protest did their seeming best to discredit their issue in the eyes of other participants and observers. I have a concern about the victim/survivors and perpetrators of rape. I left that meeting only indignant about how rude my fellow students could be, how they could take such a powerful issue and discredit it by being irresponsible.

3) Any debate wherein the entirety of the facts is not disclosed is a messy peice of shit.

By Stephanie Cole

## Phys. Plant? President Bob Dole?

*Author's Note: The views and opinions expressed in the following article are not necessarily those of The Omen, Hampshire College, or, for that matter, the*

### Notes From Limboland

*author himself. He might just be making all of this up. Who's to tell? As always, remember to take everything with a big, 5-pound grain of salt. Oh, yeah: Sinatra rules. Now, get on with it already. I'm sick of writing in italics.*

First things first: I'd like to thank Dario Sabatini for coming forward and responding to my article about his "pet-ban poster" (thanks for the advance copy, Dario). While I did not agree with everything he said - and I am definitely sure that he did not agree with everything I said - I'm glad he admitted to writing the poster. Now, at least, we know who we can talk to if we want to keep the pet-ban issue in the campus discourse. And a big "Hoorah" for organizing and trying to reverse the pet ban - although I don't think the administration is going to back down this time. They've been burned twice before on the pet issue. But, good luck.

There. Got that carefully-worded recognition out of my system. I can move on, now, deep into the heart of darkness that is Limboland.

Okay, okay, that's a bit melodramatic, I admit it.

But, in a way, Limboland this week is a festering pit of murky, inky blackness, for I have no clue what I'm really writing about. I had some vague idea to write some pithy commentary on the whole Phys Plant situation, but found that I knew too little and cared even less. Okay, Sheila Moos has been shuffled yet again, this time to Publications or something; Phys Plant has been taken from her. Oh, shudder. Someone hold me, I'm feeling vulnerable at the moment. And then there's the Phys Plant workers voting to unionize, and - guess what! - the college doesn't want to let them. Oh, go figure. Like I couldn't call that one from a thousand miles off. Are the Phys Plant workers going to strike? Who the fuck knows. Personally, I hope they don't back down. Hell, they don't even want higher wages right off. First item on the new and improved, unionized Phys Plant agenda: job security. I guess the Phys Plant workers don't want to be afraid of losing their jobs if they can't work overtime one week. God, isn't that just a snotty little request? Wimps.

(For those of you too stupid to recognize it, those last two sentences were an example - albeit a poor one - of sarcasm. If you don't know what it means, look it up.)

But, I realized that I didn't want to write about Phys Plant all that much. So, I thought about the elections that just occurred. You know, the ones that changed the face of Congress. Yeah, those elections. Whenever I think about them,

the only image I see is Newt Gingrich's ugly, gloating, smiling, inbred-Southerner's face. This is our new Speaker of the House of Representatives? Granted, Tom Foley was a fucking idiot who looked like his face had been runover by a steamroller one too many times, but at least he wasn't a bafoon, like the esteemed Mr. Gingrich. Gingrich actually said, on the eve of the election, that the Susan Smith tragedy in South Carolina would never have happened if there had been a stronger emphasis on family values (and other associated nonsense), values that the Republican party stands for and upholds. (Um... Reagan? Nixon? Family values indeed...) Aaargh! The Republican party controls Congress! We have a Democratic President! If you thought deadlock was bad, just wait. It's gonna get worse.

Hey, I find myself thinking in a far too hopeful voice, at least that old fart Kennedy is still around.

Yes, indeed.

Fuck, here's a disturbing thought: President Bob Dole. 'Cause you know he's gonna run in '96. Kind of makes you cold right down to your bones, doesn't it? "No, I'm not a rational human being, but I play one in Congress."

And then there's the Yurt - always. Y'know, I haven't put my two cents in about this one yet, and, it seems to me, everyone else has. So, here goes: The Yurt is ugly. On a campus noted for its hideous affronts to the field of architectural design, the Yurt somehow stands out like a sore thumb in its ugliness.

*Continued on next page*



## Response to Mr. Brassard

When I first heard about Josh Brassard's article ridiculing the flyer I wrote and put up during parents' weekend, I was both amused and unconcerned. Generally the *Omen* is not read by students or faculty and most of the editors and contributors of this "publication" are out for one thing only, attention. Even after reading the article several times, I had no desire to defend my position on the actual content of the flyer. It was only after several days of allowing Brassard's article to sink in and fester like an infected wound that I became annoyed enough to respond.

As the "asshole-sorry, author" of the piece, my main objective was to re-introduce the pet issue back into the campus discourse. As we moved further into the school year it became more and more apparent that the administration was succeeding in their general plan. When Greg Prince was asked by several parents, including my own, what he thought about the flyer and the general discontent over the banning of pets, he responded by saying that in a couple of years students will of forgotten that pets ever were a part of the community. Greg's plan is simple, ride out the minimal disturbances that will occur this year and by next fall the "mainstreaming" of Hampshire will be back on track. And so far even Greg can't believe how easy it has been for him to initiate the plan.

It's obvious that Brassard has two major problems with my flyer, the first being that pets were not banned on campus solely for

economic reasons but that many students simply neglected their pets. He is partially right, for many students who owned pets in the past had no idea just how much of a commitment they really are. It's takes a lot of love and patience to make your pet happy and if you are not willing to put in the time, you have no right owning a pet. There were, and still are, to many fucking assholes on this campus who owned pets because they thought it was would be neat and never once considered just how much of a responsibility it would be.

After becoming involved with The Pet Co-op last year and actually meeting with Greg, the economic issue was a major sticking point. I was told that pets were costing this school too much money and adding to it's already outrageous tuition. Greg made it very clear to us last year that removing pets from campus housing would help keep down and actually lower

the tuition. To me this is completely ludicrous, do you honestly believe that the people who decide how much it will cost to go to school here would actually pass any type of savings onto the students and parents. Greg was hoping to appeal to every student by raising this issue, but it must be made clear that Hampshire will always have one of the most expensive price tags in the country and pets have nothing to do with that. Brassard is talking out of his ass when he says that "tuition would probably be up around \$27,000 or \$28,000 a year" if pets were still on campus. First of all my parents and me are already paying \$27,000 to this school after you figure in all the other incidental expenditures. And if Brassard once checked out physical plant spending on student housing he would see that the amount the school has had to pay for "pet-related" damages is far lower than

*Continued on next page*

## Limboland Cont.

ness. And its fucking small! They're gonna hold contra dances in that thing? Uh, right, I believe it. Really, kids, what value does the Yurt have? What does it bring to this campus besides more offensive architecture? Not much. It's a whopping-good Div II, if it works - it would be mighty impressive, holding your final meeting inside your Div II - but it's not much else. Oh, well. The Yurt's a stale topic anyway.

And, I'm afraid, so am I.

(Damn, that was a horrible segue.) Anyway, kids, come on back next week to the land of limbo. I promise next time that I'll try to avoid the tar pits of my mind. While you're at it, folks, why not write for *The Omen*, huh? You'll be glad you did.

As always, here's the parting message. Remember, friends: keep your feet on the ground and keep reaching for the stars.

Thppth, and thppth again.

-Josh Brassard

## Response Comes to a Conclusion

Greg would lead us to believe. In fact the amount of money spent on student related damages is far higher than anything done by pets. I'd be the first to nominate Brassard as the leader of a new movement to ban all students from campus housing.

Brassard also makes it clear that because I did not sign my name on the flyer I was opting for the "cowardly way out". I did not produce this flyer to make a name for myself. Right now I am desperate because the longer the pet ban stands the more I must come to the realization that I might not be able to keep my dog. The flyer was meant to stir up the emotions of the students and revitalize this issue. I was not irresponsible in my statement of facts and I did not do it for a cheap thrill. I did it so that I can help bring about enough change so that I can bring my dog back on campus, without fear of "PUBLIC SAFETY" breaking into my room and taking him away, as they threatened to do earlier in the fall. Coming across as a "coward" never figured into the equation.

By even responding to the flyer Brassard has helped opponents of the ban in ways he probably can't even imagine. We now have people talking about how we can get pets back on campus again!!!! As I write this response a new "pet policy" plan drawn up by several students is near completion and ready for submission to Community Council. This new plan calls for students to take complete responsibility for the care and registration of all pets on campus. It is far more tougher than the policy that existed last year

and it makes it quite clear that students who neglect and mis-treat their animals will not be tolerated. We realize though that going through Community Council and other "student organizations" will probably prove futile. Greg Prince has the final word on all major decisions made on this campus and through personal experience it is quite clear that no one in the President's office is sympathetic towards this cause.

This is the third time that the administration has tried to ban pets in the 24 year history of the school. It has always been a volatile issue, but in the two previous instances students were able to get their act together enough so that the school went back on their decision.

It will not be easy to get the administration to go back on this ban and Greg is hoping to use student apathy on this campus to his advantage. If you truly are concerned about the present pet ban please contact me. My name is Dario Sabatini and I live in Mod 57. My extension is 2316 and my box number is 705. If you do not want to talk to me directly, come to the Airport Lounge Sunday nights at 9:00. This is where the student group that is drawing up the new pet policy meets. Hopefully in the upcoming months things will change and Greg will give the students another chance. If not, Hampshire will take another step away from being the school most of us want.

Dario Sabatini

*Hampshire Independent Production  
cordially invites you to*

### *Something Borrowed*

*(Stories of romantic obsession, love and loss)*

*a monologue written and performed by Mimi O'Connor  
and directed by Kelly Gallagher*

*Friday through Sunday, 17-20 November  
at eight o'clock p.m.*

*Main Lecture Hall, Franklin Patterson Hall,  
Hampshire College  
\$2 Students, \$3 General*

*Reservations are requested  
at 549-4600, extension 5124*



## Memento Mori

Some thoughts on death, towards the end of the year.

Winter's coming. Some say that autumn is a dying season, crumbling of

### Thoughts After Midnight

summer, but to me it has always felt more like a climax. Final explosion of all the life hoarded away during the months of sunshine- the sky is gray now and the trees, in a last spasm, pour out their own sunlight, leaves red, orange, yellow.

Winter is a dying season, though.

Deny it if you will- and some do- calling it regeneration, a pregnancy before rebirth, but walking through the December landscape, such protests seem as feeble as a candle in a storm. Landscape reduced to its skeleton: code of black and white.

Autumn and winter. If orgasm is a little death, what, then, is the sleep that follows?

And with winter comes this reminder: you, personally, are going to die.

Maybe we've all heard this cliché one too many times, so let me re-emphasize it. Everything that is you will cease to exist. You, a human being, will no longer be at all. I mean this in the most absolute sense; thoughts of an afterlife are a comfort only to those who believe to the point of blindness, and the "immortality" that we supposedly gain through our works or the memories of friends is no immortality at all. If you doubt this, compare the memory of a book read a long time ago to the sensation of watching the autumn leaves blow past. There is no comparison.

How can we possibly live with this knowledge always present?

Some choose to forget- and during the best of times, during the daylight, it is almost possible to forget, to make death distant enough to be unimportant. Others take the opposite route, embracing death like a drug: to live every day as if it was your last is a freedom that few others can rival. But like all drugs, this tends to leave a string of

broken lives behind it: you always have to deal with the morning after.

Neither of these mentalities seem adequate to a fully lived life.

So at two AM, winter growing closer outside my window, I am thinking about how to live with the fact of death.

Another fact: not only will you die, we all will die someday.

I remember a time, a year ago, maybe, driving down a dark road in the rain with two friends- turn off the headlights and the landscape disappears, flashes of black trees and hills to the side, finding the road by its feel through the steering wheel, against the tires. Accelerate- open the windows- sound of the engine and speed.

We left the lights off for maybe a minute- but any minute, if lived completely, can last a lifetime. That night, drone of tires and spatter of rain, sweet presence of death hovering just behind our

shoulders, is still with me. We are all still friends, and though we seldom speak of it, that night, I think, cements our friendship.

I guess what I'm saying is that in the shared fact of our inevitable deaths lies one of the greatest comradeships. Ask any soldier. Or skydiver. Or anyone who has driven down a country road too fast at night, lights off, a friend sitting beside them.

Rather than trying to forget death, we should remember it- not to live because of it, but despite it. To lend an urgency to our everyday existence that will not allow anything other than living. A suggestion- use death like alcohol, to intensify experience, to find new ways of connecting to other people, not to drown the world.

A mantra to whisper to a loved one, late at night: memento mori. *Remember, you must die.*

And in the mean time, live.

Matthew Flaming

November 1994, Amherst

## Money and Social Responsibility:

The Impact Project is sponsoring two evening workshops on money and social responsibility, one on December 1 in Northampton and one on December 8 in Amherst. The first workshop, led by Kate Rutherford of Merrill Lynch and Greg Ramm of Institute for Community Economics, will be on socially responsible and community investing. The second, led by Marci Riseman and Lynne Gerber of the Impact Project, will focus on personal philanthropy and funding social change. For more information call 413-584-1915.

## Entertainment Section

### Deniz: An Article as Large As...

LOST AT LUPO'S!  
THREE NIGHTS OF FUN AND  
GOOD MUSIC IN PROVIDENCE, RI  
24, 25, 26 OCTOBER

a big huge mega multi-review thing from Deniz, Evan, and Hedda (who drove back and forth from here to Providence one too many times within too short of a time period for their own good)

MONDAY NIGHT:  
JESUS AND MARY CHAIN/  
MAZZY STAR/VELVET CRUSH

Okay, I get to write this first one myself. oh joy.

The first night of our Lupo-sprees was also the biggest, at least crowd-wise and hype-wise. The eternally cool Jesus and Mary Chain

were in town, and as an added bonus they had the very fine Mazzy Star with them in tow. I had been waiting to see this dreamy double-bill ever since I first heard of the matchup, and tonight I finally got my chance. Yay!

Opening band Velvet Crush were pretty much standard Big Star-ish guitar pop, and the lead singer even looked WAY too much like Norman from Teenage Fanclub for his own good. But still, they were a solid good live band—nothing special or exciting, mind you, but nice ear candy at least. And then came Mazzy...mmm. They make such beautiful music on record, and yes they are able to duplicate that sound per-

fectly live on stage. And Hope Sandoval is so incredibly gorgeous it's sick. But...well, it was just so obvious that she does NOT like to perform live, it was kinda sad. They shrouded themselves in darkness, playing under only one soft blue light and a LOT of stage smoke, making picture-taking next to impossible. Which is exactly they way they wanted it, I'm sure. Hope was the focal point of all attention, planted right at the front and center of the stage, with guitarist Dave Roback off to the side and the rest of the band all but not there, lost somewhere in the back shadows. She basically stood motionless by her mikestand the whole set, crooning out song after lovely song and only occasionally moving to look away or look at Dave or gently swing a tambourine against her hip. She was a frozen angel the whole night, drifting on stage like a ghost and going through all of her perfect little motions and then drifting back off again way too soon. You just couldn't help but get the feeling that she didn't want to be up there, that she would much rather just hide in the back of the tourbus and sing to herself off in the corner or something. But gosh darnit, the music is just SO wonderful, you forgive her for her shyness in the end and just come away feeling happy that you at least got a chance to look and listen to her for that little bit...

And now for the stars of tonight's show, the Mary Chain. The one and only other time I had seen JAMC before this evening was

at Lollapalooza back in '92, when they played in the middle of the day, so it was great to finally get a chance to see them in a nice small DARK venue, and to finally be able to actually see their great light show in all of its glory! I was expecting them to play a lot of songs off their new album *Stoned and De-throned*, but they really didn't emphasize the new songs too much and opted for a more all-encompassing setlist instead, playing a lot of stuff off of *Automatic* and *Honey's Dead* (and I think a few even older ones as well, it's hard to remember now because the songs sort of all melted into one another after a while) in addition to the new material. Stage presence-wise, things are still the same as they've always been, with Jim taking the center position and going through all of his quirky motions and throwing around his mikestand a lot and oozing out song after song all too effortlessly, and William off to the one side by himself (I spent the whole evening sitting right by his feet, he had Chuckies on) gnawing away at his guitar, and the rest of the band just sort of remaining faceless and nameless lost in the lights. Hey wait a minute...didn't I just write something like that before whenst describing Mazzy Star? Wow, I see it now, why these two bands are so good together—they are like antitheses of each other, exactly alike in completely oppo-

Continued on Next Page



## Deniz Carries On, With A Little Help

site ways. They compliment and contradict each other perfectly.

Ah yes, speaking of how heavenly the pair-up of these two bands is, that was the one big disappointment of the night—I was expecting Hope to come back and join JAMC on stage to do "Sometimes Always" for the encore, as she has at the other shows that I had heard about, but alas, it didn't happen. Nope, they instead ended with the mighty fine "Reverence." I guess Hope wasn't in a good mood that night or something. Ah well. But hey, great show regardless...

P.S.—To the evil person or people who swiped my roll of film when I got up to grab the setlist...you are going to BURN IN HELL!!! ARGH!!!

My only solace is knowing that when you went to get it developed you didn't get anything good out of it because it was pushed film and needed to be developed a special way. HA.

\*GRUMBLE, SEETHE\*

—Deniz

\*\*\*

### TUESDAY NIGHT: BECK! with DOO RAG

Beck was so CUTE! I thought I was just going to be amused, but I actually ended up having to say, man, he's actually GOOD! What a pleasant surprise. Here's the full story on night two, from our man Evan...

This show was Beck's second time 'round the U.S. Doors opened at 7:30 PM, and all the little kiddies piled in and waited patiently. A band named Doo Rag from Texas

opened the show. Doo Rag had a unique sound that had not been duplicated nor could be duplicated. Doo Rag consisted of two very hickish characters, Bob Log and Thermos Malling. I'm not sure which person played what instrument, but seemingly neither of them had ever taken music lessons. Whoever played drums had a cardboard box with a microphone inside as his bass drum and a scouring board as his cymbal. He played while sitting on the ground. I've never seen a drummer who could rival the intensity with which he played. The guitarist used a slide for all the songs. The variation of sounds and tones he achieved, proved to create an amazing, but odd feel to the music. After an hour of hoe-down music Doo Rag bid adieu.

Between 8:30 and 9:00 Beck came on stage and busted out the set with Soul Suckin' Jerk. The song was completely different than on the album. The bass was almost non-existent, but only for this song. Not knowing much about Beck's music, I found that he is definitely more than a one hit sensation. He is able to have fun with his music and portray extensive visual imagery with his lyrics, no matter how silly they are. Beck, started out as a folk musician playing really small clubs and bars. He still is a folk musician but has expanded his musical repertoire to include rap, funk and pseudo-jazz. The entire time he played he was full of life running around the stage. Between songs he talked to the audience usually starting a discussion with one particular person. He told a few

jokes that were stupid, but funny. He played two new songs, one rap song and a rock/folk song. The set list was mostly compromised of songs off his first album with the exceptions of Loser, Got No Mind, Soul Suckin' Jerk, and Beercan. [But wait, isn't *Mellow Gold* his first album? Just kidding, I know better—ed.] I had never seen Beck live before, but the show was definitely, for lack of a better word, rockin'.

—Evan Tallas

\*\*\*

### WEDNESDAY NIGHT: PIGFACE! with the EVIL MOTHERS

This was one of the best shows I have ever seen. I was mighty impressed, even without the benefit of his Trentness being on the bill this time around. Here's the scoop on our last night of our little adventure, brought to ya from Hedda...

#### The Night of Swine and Roses

Among a twisted arrangement of clinging vines and plasticine roses, the collaborative, project-band Pigface entertained a crowd of less than one hundred in Providence, RI. Pigface, of Invisible Records, has been around for a few years, although the members of the band change frequently from tour to tour and even within tours.

The current rendition of Pigface has drummer Martin Atkins of early Killing Joke (the only member that has appeared throughout Pigface), bassist Charles Levi

*Continued On Next Page (Again)*

## John Lydon: Still Alive...Why?

of Thrill Kill Kult, guitarist/vocalist Taime Down of Faster Pussycat, vocalist Mary Byker of Hyperhead and Gaye Bykers on Acid, guitarist Pat Scrawl of Skinny Puppy, keyboardist James Teitelbaum of Surf Kiss, and drummer Joe Trump of Carbon. The lengthiness of the list can only be explained by the associate members who appear in "chunks of the tour" all over the country. For example one can expect the frontman of Skinny Puppy, Ogre, to appear at the Limelight, NYC show on Halloween. One of the most famous Pigface members is John Lydon (for those of you who have blocked the Sex Pistols out of your memory—Johnny Rotten) of P.i.L., although he is listed as appearing very seldom—for only one or two shows, probably on the West Coast. In past tours Al(ien) Jourgensen and Paul Barker of Ministry and Trent Reznor (be still Deniz's bleeding heart) of NIN [THUMP THUMP THUMP... \*big blissful sigh\*—ed.] were once members of Pigface. (Well, find a project that Al Jourgensen isn't somehow involved in...) [Um...he wasn't involved in *The Glove* at all, was he? or was he?—ed.]

There is little one can say about the actual show except that it was a well-awaited mindfuck. It was a dark mesh of seething vocals, hard-deged drumming, and a lot of feed-back. Pigface is also one of those bands that usually sounds completely different on album compared to live, actually at times they don't even sound remotely like the same band. One of the more amusing points of the show was

when they came back on stage for an encore and did their own version of "We want the Funk", followed by a Revolting Cocks cover of "Beers, Steers, and Queers". One of the most unique things about Pigface is attempting to identify and dissect the different influences of each band, which is pretty difficult due to the fact that there were over ten musicians on the stage from ten different bands. It was a virtual schmorgasboard of industrial/progressive minstrels from some of the biggest names in independent land.

Due to the expertise of Deniz to schmooze the promoter at Lupo's we were on the house list [HEY, I'm not a schmoozer, I'm a serious journalist! Heh heh.—ed.] so we were able to stick around after the rest of the audience was kicked out. (Ask Deniz about her hug from Charles Levi) [Oh yeah,

he gave me a big huge hug—and he called me "Princess" too! tee-hee—ed.] I'd really wanted to talk to Martin Atkins after the show, I even got one of the members of the opening band to go look for him backstage. But, much to my displeasure, Martin Atkins was suffering with a bum knee and he wouldn't leave the tourbus.

Worth Mentioning...

Evil Mothers, who are touring with Pigface, are a kick-ass five piece band from San Antonio, TX. More or less they are industrial-core with a lot of sampling, and a gravely strong lead vocalist to boot. They made a lot of fun references to your pal and mine—Lucifer. I wouldn't be surprised if we hear more from these fellas in the future...for instance if we ever get a hold of them to play at HC....

—Hedda Kniess

## Morry Stein: 1936-1994

It's really awful when one of the nicest guys on Earth dies. It's even worse knowing that he died the way he feared he would. In a horrible plane crash. Morry Stein owned and directed Camp Echo Lake in Warrensburg, New York. I went there every summer from 4th to 7th grades. So I know what you're thinking, your thinking, "So, you went to this guy's summer camp for three years, big friggin' deal." The deal is, it was one of the most personal places I've ever been in. Not only did everyone know him and his wife, Amy, everyone knew him well. As a matter of fact, I remember he and his wife coming to my house for dinner, before I went to the camp to show me and my parents slides of the place. You just don't get that nowadays. On top of that, he had this program affiliated with the camp called the Echo Lake Idea which completely paid for about 50 underprivileged kids to spend a week at the camp. Later on, he would establish this program on a national scale. He died coming back from a conference to do just that. The loss of Morry Stein is also the loss of someone who genuinely cared for people, and did what he could to make them happy. Thank You.

—Jon Land

# Devo Weekend

Saturday and Sunday  
November 19,20 1994

7-11pm

Dakin Rec. Room

Be There or relive the late-70's and early 80's later  
you anachronistic moron.

Sponsored by  
**THE OMEN**

## **Correction:**

Last week, the article titled "Demons and Stuff" was attributed to Kevin Haggerty and F-4.

Jenn Iannaconi should also have been included in the byline.

We at the Omen feel very bad about this, and offer our humble apologies.....Love Ben...